Carry On

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Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Death Stranding (Video Games)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Abigail Hobbs, supporting roles of, Jack Crawford, Beverly Katz, Alana Bloom, Jimmy Price, Brian Zeller, Bella Crawford, Margot Verger, Bedelia Du Maurier, Dr. Frederick Chilton, Molly Graham, Winston (Hannibal)
Additional Tags:	Murder Family, Abigail is Will's daughter, Alternate Universe, Alternate Universe - Death Stranding, I am using the DS universe as a very elaborate sandbox, we don't really interact with the game's plot here, i may make one throwaway reference to Sam, Strained Relationships, Angst with a Happy Ending, Blood and Injury, wound treatment, Hannibal Lecter is Not a Cannibal, because I really don't think that would work in this universe, Discussion Of Murder, Established Relationship, Trans Male Character, Family Drama, Family Bonding, Flashbacks, Trans Will Graham, All the Will Grahams I write are trans unless stated otherwise, to be fair, It's not important to the overall plot, but it does come up for a scene or two, Sort Of, Chilton is a massive dick. And that is all I will say.
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Carry On

by Blue_Eyes_Apprentice

Summary

Will and Abigail are a father/daughter Porter team. When they encounter an intense chiral storm on their latest delivery, they nearly meet their ends on the edge of a mountain, but are saved unexpectedly by the recipient of the delivery- a reclusive man who lives in a shelter on the mountain's peak, that somehow knows Will's name.

Notes

I've been toying with the ideas and concepts of this AU for about three weeks, and now I have come to unleash it into the internet! Anyway, basically my two current hyperfixations share a common denominator of Mads Mikkelson, and then one thing lead to another and I had ThoughtsTM and now here we are.

Enjoy!

Chapter 1

“How much further do we have to go?? The storm’s getting worse! If the wind gets any stronger, we’ll have to head back to the waystation!” Abigail calls from up ahead, bracing herself against the rock wall at the inner edge of the trail.

“I’m not sure!” Will shouts back, smacking his Cufflink rather forcefully against his opposite palm. The readout doesn’t get any clearer, and he curses under his breath. “Can’t be much further, this is the only way up! But the chiral density is messing with the map readings! I can’t ping the shelter anymore!”

“Oh that’s just *great.”* The teenager groans in frustration, spinning around on a heel to face Will as he comes up beside her on the path.

“I told you we should have waited to take this on! We should just turn around, or find a cave or something-”

“No, no- we can’t end up exposed out here. Not in this mess. It’s safer to just get to the prepper with their order and ask for refuge. Come on, we have to keep going.” Will shifts his pack for stability and whistles for Winston, who comes trotting up between them.

“Safer?? Staying out in heavy timefall with an order that’s degrading by the minute? And then you want to ask a *stranger* if we can stay with them?! That’s crazy!” Abigail argues, hands flailing in exasperation.

“It’s a three hour walk back down, accounting for the wind, and then the distro center is another four miles away after that.” Will offers as a counter, turning his head to address her as they walk. “Which would you rather have? Three or more hours in the rain, or twenty minutes and then a roof over our heads?”

Begrudgingly, Abigail doesn’t deny having a clear preference for the roof. Will doesn’t fault her for being irritated though. They’ve been walking for hours, and then the rain hit them halfway through the climb. If he hadn’t made deliveries through worse conditions before, he’d probably be right there with her at wits end. Luckily, he thinks he may have just spotted something to appease her.

“Look- see that? I think there’s a little opening in the rocks up ahead. Looks like an overhang wide enough to keep us out of the rain. We’ll stop there and rest for a bit, but then we have to get moving again. Okay?”

Abigail squints, trying to see where her father points, barely able to make it out through the downpour. It’s small. Very small. More a stone awning than a proper cave, barely big enough for them to all stand under with the cargo. But a chance to rest for longer than a few seconds is too good to pass up, so she’ll take what she can get.

“Ten minutes. Minimum.”

“Fifteen total, or however long it takes to patch up our gear. Deal?”

“Sold.”

Patching up their equipment and the packages wouldn’t actually take fifteen minutes, only five at best, but both Grahams were eager to sit down with the weight off their backs, no matter the time allotted to do so. Will unloaded the cargo and sat the bundle down on the damp ground beneath them, dropping to one knee a moment later to sit down beside it.

He sighed as he leaned back against the stone wall, stretching out one leg as far as he could allow while still keeping it out of the rain. Winston, outfitted in his own little dog sized coat, turned in a tight circle and came to lay down with his head on Will’s thigh with a huff.

“Good boy..” He murmured fondly to the animal, rubbing his ears through the dog’s hood with a gloved hand. Winston yawned, mouth smacking once, but simply laid there, staring out the opening to their shelter. No time for a nap yet.

On the other side of the cargo pack, Abigail knelt beside them, digging around in her own for the cans of repair spray. Pulling out one, she gave it an experimental shake to check the fullness, before methodically beginning to pull items from Will’s pack, assessing which ones had the worst damage from the storm.

The climbing anchors, foldable and easily stored in pockets and holsters, had the least noticeable wear, and so were set aside. Will’s ladder had certainly seen better days, so she expanded it in such a way that the spray would seep down into the sections and joints of the mechanisms and doused the tool before returning it to its compact state. Last thing they needed was to be crossing a gap and have that collapse from under them.

The packages they’d been sent to deliver seemed to be faring better than she’d expected, but repairing them still used up the rest of her can. They still didn’t know what exactly they were delivering, now that she thought of it. The briefing had been rather vague on contents, only that the order was fragile, and contained a few perishable rations. But the distro center wasn’t far at all, so theoretically, they’d have no problem arriving before the twelve hour deadline was up.

At least, no problems before the storm had caught up with them. Granted, they were both fairly certain they weren’t going to be stuck here all night, but still, what had been a fairly simple three hour job was now coming up on eight, and everyone was starting to get a bit touchy because of that.

“Abby, do you want to get out a few of the protein bars while we’re here? Might not have another chance at a snack break for a while. It’s been five hours.”

Abigail looks up from where she’s repacking the delivery order and shakes her head, fastening the clips back into place.

“If we’re as close to the drop as you say, we might as well just wait til we get there. On the off-chance this guy isn’t a psycho trying to lure us into a trap, maybe they’ll feel generous enough to offer food if they say yes when we ask for shelter.”

Will rolls his eyes at the ‘psycho’ comment, but makes no outward remark otherwise. He’d taught his girl well to be cautious out on the road. And even if they weren’t offered shelter, it wasn’t like this would be the first time they’d had to eat a meager supper of protein bars and filtered stream water, or ended up sleeping huddled close in some prepper’s cargo dock. They were perfectly capable of making due with what they had if need be.

“Got the stuff in order again, Dad. Everything’s set to load up again when we’re ready to go.”

Will nods, but doesn’t turn towards Abigail, making a soft grunt of acknowledgement. He takes a deep breath and lets his eyes slip closed, focusing on the steady patter of the rain outside.

“Thanks, kiddo. In a minute we’ll pack up. I just wanna rest my eyes a second. All this mountain-climbing’s got me tired out..”

Abigail takes in his subtle grimace when she looks across the cargo at Will, frowning. The storm hadn’t been the only thing that had kept her wanting to stay at the distro center another night. Her father was a stubborn man, and very good at maintaining appearances when it came to his health, but there wasn’t any hiding from Abigail’s sharp eye. Somehow, she could always tell when he looked off.

She knew he wasn’t sleeping well lately. Wasn’t sure what was keeping him from it yet, she hadn’t had any plausible excuse to get close enough to gage whether it was another migraine, or maybe a fever of some sort. But whatever it was, it likely wasn’t doing him any good to be out slogging through the mud in the cold, stressing about orders and keeping her and Winston out of harm's way on top of hiding that he felt like shit.

Unfortunately for them both, this was probably the extent of the matter being dealt with, silence and stewing in concern for Abigail, and trying to will away the latent discomfort of the throb in his temple for Will. At least, until they got the order sorted.

So with nothing else to do besides hoping for a better forecast readout, Abigail turned her back to the wall and finally sat properly, knees hunched up to her chest in the cramped space of the crevice. Flowers and weeds popped up from the soil just outside, blooming and withering in a matter of seconds in the downpour of the timefall. Something about watching that cycle go on and on had always been fascinating to her, so at least that was one way to keep occupied while her father fitfully fought sleep and failed.

Winston shifts his head on Will’s lap, almost crawling over him protectively, and keeps vigil for them while his master rests. The storm continues on, faraway thunder and little flashes of lightning punctuating the drone of the rain, offering a calming white noise that offset some of the perpetual anxiety that came from being out in the open like this.

If this were a normal family hiking holiday, which it likely would be if they were in the old world, from before the Stranding, Abigail mused, then this moment might almost seem peaceful.

But they were not in the old world, and any peace they encountered while out on a job almost certainly ended up being fleeting.

The End of the Line and the End of the Climb

Chapter Notes

Chapter two is currently at about 75% completion, just going through some fine-tuning! Will hopefully be posted before long.

(Placeholder text until Chapter 2 is complete and formatted.)

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